

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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"Why Sit We Here Until We Die?"

By EVANGELIST JAMES V. LAMB
Box 181, Eldon, Missouri

"And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate: and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die. And they rose up in the twilight, to go unto the camp of the Syrians: and when they were come to the uttermost part of the camp of Syria, behold, there was no man there."—II Kings 7:3-5.

As I read this passage of Scripture, in my imagination I can almost hear the terrified cry that must have gone up from the watchman on the wall, when he saw the Syrians marching toward his beloved city. Can you not see him as he hurries down to the massive city gates to help close them? Perhaps, long before the army of Benhadad, king of Syria, had gotten close enough to be

recognized, the watchman had already seen the great clouds of dust that rose from the ranks of the advancing army; and the dazzling Samaritan sun as it seemed to dance from the shields of the marching soldiers.

The Syrians finally arrived and camped a short distance from the city; now, days had become weeks since the walls of Samaria had been surrounded. God's Word reveals that the meager food and water supply had now run low. Famine had begun to cast its ugly shadow over the besieged city and death walked the narrow streets and lanes and knocked on many doors.

God's man of the hour was Elisha the prophet. God always has a man! Elisha sat with the elders of the city and prophesied an end of the famine on the morrow. The rulers laughed him to scorn when he told them there would soon be food in abundance. God's message, even in our day, is often not received. Elisha had no sooner spoken than events began to turn for fulfillment of his inspired prediction. At the twilight hour God made the Syrian army to hear the sound of horses

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Rev. James V. Lamb

GOD'S CURE FOR ANXIOUS CARE

By EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE, Editor

"Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4:5-7.

Do not be full of care about anything in the world! The Revised Version says, "Be anxious for nothing," and here we have it in verse 6, "Be careful for nothing," that is, literally we are not to be full of care. And then God gives the whole secret of the cure for anxious care and tells how the child of God can banish away worry forever and have constant peace.

Does that seem too good to be true? So precious is the promise that we marvel that every Christian does not seize it, try it, prove it and glory in it! Let us do so today and learn this very day how to have the peace of God which passeth all understanding and which banishes anxiety and carefulness from the heart of the child of God.

'Tis a grand reason given here, why Christians should be moderate, gentle, not fiercely resenting, not sadly despairing, not even divided between hope and worry. "Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand." We are to be moderate Christians, temperate, gentle Christians, unworried, unfretted,

unvexed Christians. And this is the reason: "The Lord is at hand!"

"The Lord Is at Hand"

Doubtless this means that Jesus is coming; He may come today. We are to be constantly expecting Him. His coming is at hand. And all of us would be ashamed and grieved for Jesus to come when we were torn with anxiety, vexed with the wicked, burning with wrath or in the Slough of Despond. Jesus is coming and it is a blessed thought that He knows all things and will come just when He should.

But there is, I think, an even better meaning to this verse. Jesus is here now! He is beside you, at your very elbow this moment. He hears every word you say, sees the frown on your face. He knows the worry that lines your face, the dull care and despair that has driven trust out of your heart. Jesus is at hand and will be grieved if you lose the gentleness, the moderation, the joyfulness of His presence.

Isn't that what He promised before He went away? "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And David said,

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me" (Psa. 23:4). He is so near and He has promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (Heb. 13:5, 6). Again, David said,

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee" (Psa. 139:7-12).

In the same Psalm, verse 18, he

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

By REV. BOB JONES Sr., D.D., LL.D.

Founder Bob Jones University, Greenville, South Carolina

(Preached at Arena, Chicago, May 10, 1946, in city-wide Life Begins revival campaign. Mechanically recorded for THE SWORD OF THE LORD.)

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8:12.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:14-16.

Jesus made both of these statements. He said, "I am the light of the world" and, "Ye are the light of the world." There is no contradiction here. I look about me on a lovely day and say, "The sun is the light of the world." Then in the evening the sun goes down behind the western horizon and the moon comes out in her glory and I say, "The moon is the light of the world." There is no contradiction in those statements. The sun is the light of the world but the moon becomes the light of the world because the sun shines upon the moon.

A Christian Is the Light of the World, Too

Now, Jesus Christ is the light of the world, but a Christian becomes the light of the world when Jesus Christ shines into a Christian's heart.

I should like to stop in passing long enough to say that I have seen the moon in eclipse. I have watched her shine in her beauty and glory until a shadow came over her face. And they told me that a part of the world had come between the sun and the moon. I have seen eclipses in Christian lives, too. I have known men to shine in wonderful beauty for God until they permitted the world to come between them and their Sun. It may be that somebody here tonight has experienced an eclipse. Over your sky the world has cast its shadow, and you are no longer what the Lord meant you to be when He said, "Ye are the light of the world."

Mr. Henry Drummond said, "The greatest proof of the Christian religion is a Christian." A

Christian is the unanswerable argument to the reality of the Christian religion. If you want me to judge a civilization, show me the type men and women that civilization will produce. You judged the civilization of Germany by the type of German soldier in the recent World War. You judged Japan by the type of Japanese soldiers who fought in the recent World War. You judge a civilization by the sort of people the civilization produces. You judge a school or college by the type character the school or college turns out. You judge a god by the sort of life that god can produce.

Now the world, to some extent at least, judges Jesus Christ by the kind of lives we Christian people live. Somebody has said that every Christian is writing a gospel; he is writing a chapter day by day. What is the gospel according to you tonight? What kind of a chapter did you write in your bible this past week? What sort of chapter are you going to write tomorrow? Remember, "Ye are the light of the world." "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A story was told of a blind man who went one night down a back alley with a lantern in his hand. Someone said, "Why do you carry



Dr. Bob Jones

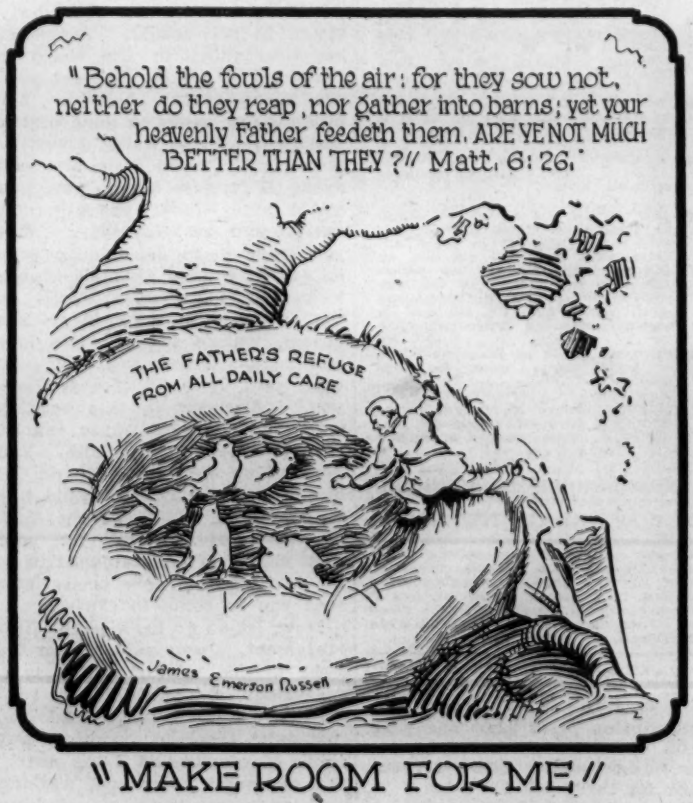
that light? It doesn't do you any good."

He said, "Oh, yes, it does; it keeps other men from stumbling over me." If you Christian people do not carry your lanterns down the alley of life, men are going to stumble over you into everlasting night and everlasting ruin.

"Ye are the light of the world... let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Did you ever stop to think that that is a command? Your Lord, whom you claim to love and trust, has commanded you. It is a command from God, and not to do it is to disobey God.

Did you ever stop to think of the fact that everything God ever created obeys His voice, except man? When this universe was wrapped in chaos and darkness, God said, "Let there be light." In obedience to His matchless

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The Light of the World

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voice the sun unveiled its face and the world was lighted. When Jesus Christ was on earth He looked for fruit on a fig tree and found none. He cursed it and in obedience to His matchless voice it withered and died. When out on tempest-tossed Galilee His disciples awoke Him and said, "Master, we are in the midst of a storm," in the dignity of His glory and power He said, "Wind, cease blowing; water, be still." They said, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" (Matt. 8:27). The wind obeys Him. The sea obeys Him. The highest archangel and the tiniest insect on mother earth obeys Him, but you do not obey Him. You disobey Him. He said, "Let your light shine," and you have not been letting it shine. He said, "Ye are the light of the world; . . . let your light shine before men," and you have disobeyed God. Oh, may God move upon our hearts tonight and give us a sense of our responsibility and our obligation. God help us to obey His voice!

Did you ever stop to think about it: God created you for the purpose of letting your light shine before men. You are to take His light and give His light out into the darkness of this world.

When I was a boy in the country I heard an old-time, ultra-Calvinistic preacher say something that startled me very much. He looked out over the crowd and said: "God made some of you people to go to Hell. You will just have to go. There is no way out for you. God made you for Hell and you will just have to go to Hell when you die."

As a little country boy I said to myself, "If God made me to go to Hell, I want to go to Hell. I want to be what God has made me to be. That is my ambition in this world." Listen! If God made me to go to Hell, such a thing as Hell would be an absurdity. Anything that does what God made it to do, is happy. God

made the fish for the sea, and the birds for the air. The fish play in the water and the birds sing in the air, but you put the fish in the air and the birds in the water and they die. God did not make the fish for the air, and God did not make the birds for the water. Anything in its place is happy; and if God had made men for Hell, the idea of a Hell would be an absurdity. God would change the flames of Hell into flames of matchless glory. Say, God made you to walk in the light as He is in the light that you might have fellowship with God and God might have fellowship with you. God made you for Heaven. Hell was made for the Devil and his angels and if you go to Hell you will be an intruder. Say, God made Heaven for you. God made streets of gold for you! God made cloudless skies for you! God made the Holy City beyond the stars for you! And when you get to Hell, if you go to Hell, you will be an intruder. That is what makes Hell. All the agony and sorrow that you have on this earth come to you because you are out of your sphere, you are not where God wants you, you are not in fellowship with God.

Oh, I am so glad I can tell everybody that God wants to save them. I am so glad I can look into the face of every human being under the stars of Heaven and tell them that God loves them and Jesus died for them. I can go to the home of the rich man and listen in vain for my footfalls on carpeted floors; I can look at his beautiful pictures on magnificent walls; I can go to his table laden with the luxuries of life; I can sit beneath his gorgeous chandeliers of trembling crystal, blazing from the walls like bouquets of diamonds—then I can go out on a street corner and see a poor beggar who lifts his trembling hand and asks for a penny. If it were left to me I might say, "Come, ye rich man," or, "Come, ye poor man." But you leave it to Jesus. He looks down on the rich man's prosperity and the poor man's poverty and says, "Come, anybody. I'll take you; I would like to have you."

You may see in this city, a manly, sober, moral, upright young man. He works hard all day and goes home at night to his little cottage where he is greeted by his loving wife and little children. Out yonder in the ditch is his drunken brother, a poor besotted wretch who staggers down a back alley with bloated face and bloody eyes to a cabin door to curse a ragged wife and hungry child. If it were left to you, you might say, "Come, ye moral man." But you leave it to Jesus. He looks down on the moral man's manhood and the drunkard's debauchery and says, "Come, anybody. I'll take you; I would like to have you."

You may see in this city a girl, pure, decent and refined. She has in her eyes the luster of purity, and the roses of modesty bloom in her cheeks. The most beautiful thing in the world is that kind of a girl. But out yonder in an earthly hell is her fallen sister, a soiled dove of the underworld. She walks down the street with faded face and sad eyes. If it were left to you, you might say, "Come, ye girls of purity and respectability." But you leave it to Jesus. He puts His arms around this old world, locks His nail-pierced hands on the other side, hugs it to His bosom, warms it with His love and says, "Come, anybody. I'll take you; I would like to have you." Anybody in this country whom nobody else wants can be sure that Jesus wants him. You go hunt up the poor man and tell him that Jesus Christ would like to have him. "Ye are the light of the world." Say, let your light shine! Your life ought to be an invitation to everybody who sees you to come to Christ.

Now, let us go back to the first statement. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world." That is a marvelous statement. We read the things that Jesus said and just take them for granted. But think of somebody's living nearly two thousand years ago, walking

the dusty roads of earth, standing in the darkness of the world, and saying, "I am the light of the world."

Jesus Is the Light of the Intellectual World

In the first place, Jesus is the light of the intellectual world. Jesus never wrote a book. As far as we know, He never wrote but one time, and nobody knows what He wrote then. But in spite of the fact that He never wrote a book, He is the light of the intellectual world. Woe be to those who leave Jesus Christ out of their scholarship! Listen to me, young people; for my philosophy of life, I would rather sit at the feet of a woman who lives in a cabin and who can scarcely write her name but who knows Jesus, than to sit at the feet of the greatest scholar the world ever saw, if that scholar is not a Christian. "The world by wisdom knew not God" (I Cor. 1:21). You cannot think accurately unless you come to know Jesus.

Let me give you young people a little testimony. When I, a little country boy eleven years old, was saved, we did not have such good schools. We did not have the advantages you have in the great schools of Chicago. I found Jesus in a little country church, and you know the next morning when I went back to school I had a real intellectual stimulation. I could understand things and see things that I had never understood nor seen before. Jesus not only comes into your heart when you are saved, but He also stimulates your faculties. He helps you to see. He lights up your intellectual sky. These men without God—don't you let them disturb you! Young people, don't you let the worldly-wise scholars who know not God, disturb you. Poor, blind, weak, stumbling, ignorant men—how little they know!

Years ago I heard a story that impressed me very much and I would like to pass it on to you. In the city of Louisville, Kentucky, there lived a woman who had a parrot. She taught that parrot to say, "Good night," when she would put him in the cage at night and, "Good morning," when she would take him out of the cage in the morning. One day the bird got in a fight with a cat. The woman rescued the bird. That night she put the bird in the cage and said, "Good night, Polly."

The bird said, "Good night." The next morning was a lovely spring morning. The lady went out to the cage and said, "Good morning, Polly."

The bird said, "Good night." "Well," she said, "good morning, Polly."

The bird said, "Good night." "Oh," she said, "but, Polly, what is the matter with you? Good morning!"

The bird said, "Good night." "Well," she said, "Polly, don't you know when it is daylight? Good morning, Polly!"

The bird said, "Good night." The woman got up near the cage and found that the bird's eyes had been scratched out by the cat the day before. There

were no more "Good mornings" for that poor, blind bird. Oh, man without God, you cannot see! Oh, Christless woman, you have no eyes! Jesus Christ is the light of the intellectual world.

Jesus Christ Is the Light of the Social World

Conditions are terrible in this world, but did you ever stop to think what they would have been had Jesus never come? Suppose there had never been a manger in Bethlehem. Suppose there had never been a cross at Calvary. Suppose there had never been an open sepulcher. Suppose there had never been a Sermon on the Mount. What a world it would have been! Everything worth having in this world came from Jesus. Jesus Christ made womanhood all it is in this country. In countries where His name is unknown women have always been slaves and burden-bearers. It was Jesus Christ who took the chains of slavery from the hands of woman. It was Jesus Christ who put woman on the throne and crowned her queen. Oh, I just do not see why all the women and girls do not fall in love with Jesus. He is the best Friend women ever had. He is the Friend of all girls and all women. One of the saddest things in the world is that so many women and girls are turning the freedom that He bought for them into license to live wrong. He made womanhood all it is in the world!

Jesus Christ made childhood all it is in the world. Did you ever stop to think that no pagan writer ever said anything about childhood's golden days? Childhood had no golden days for a pagan.

Listen, young people, all the Christmas spirit came to you from Jesus. It was Jesus who touched babyhood into beauty. It was Jesus who was the first teacher to open His arms and say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark 10:14). Little babies always fought to get into His arms.

Somebody else has said that Jesus is the God of little things. He puts wings on archangels and He puts feathers on sparrows. He does not forget the little things. He puts all the resources of nature back of the frailest flower that blooms.

Some time ago I was in Oregon, upon a mountain with some friends of mine. I saw a little flower—I do not know what kind of flower it was, but it was coming up through the ice and the snow. The snow and ice had not melted, and that little flower was trying to shake the ice out of its hair to get up to the sun. This friend of mine said, "They never wait for the ice and snow to melt. They always come up in the spring like this before the ice and snow get away. They cannot wait to get to the sun."

I said, "How much wiser those flowers are than some people I know! They walk away from the light and those flowers climb up through the ice and snow to get to the light."

One morning down in Georgia I went for a walk and I saw a little wild flower blooming in a little cluster of bushes. It was a beautiful little thing. The little flower was lifting its perfumed lips for the kiss of the morning. I stood there and looked at it. I talked to it a little while. I said, "Little flower, did you get lonely last night?"

The little flower said, "No; I never get lonely at night. God keeps the stars awake to watch over me while I sleep."

I said, "Little flower, wouldn't you like to have some breakfast?"

The little flower said, "I have had my breakfast, thank you. I draw my sustenance from soil and air."

I said, "But, little flower, you haven't dried your face."

The little flower said, "I never do that. I wait every morning for God's sun to dry my face."

I said, "Little flower, what do you do when you get thirsty?"

"Oh," it said, "I just tell God about it and God tells the sun to draw me a drink of water."

I said, "Little flower, what do you do when the sun gets hot?"

The little flower said, "Oh, I just tell God I'm too hot and God

sends the winds through the forest to cool my cheek."

"Oh," I said, "little flower, I suppose I'm the only person who ever saw you; but you haven't bloomed in vain. Out here in this little spot where you are, you have talked to me about God. God is my Father."

Young people, never mind where God puts you; you shine where God puts you. I tell my boys and girls in Bob Jones University that the most important light in the home is not the chandelier in the parlor. The chandelier in the parlor is not used often, just when company comes. It is a beautiful light, more beautiful than the rest of them; but it is a company light. The most important light in your home is that little back hall light. It is not so bright. It does not light so much space around it but it is kept burning all the time. And it is the most important light in the home. It keeps people from falling down and getting hurt. Listen! Maybe you are a little back hall light. Maybe you haven't much ability or much talent. Maybe God has hidden you away in a little secluded spot. Listen! Just shine for God where you are. That song, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," is a wonderful song in its thought. Shine where you are! "Ye are the light of the world."

"I am the light of the world," too, says Jesus. He is the light of the intellectual world. He is the light of the social world.

Christ Is the Light of the Religious World

Religion is one thing and Christianity is another thing. Everybody has some kind of religion. Do you know what religion is? Get this and remember it: religion is reliance. The thing on which you rely for salvation is your religion, and your religion is no stronger than your reliance. A Christian is a person who, knowing that he cannot save himself, relies upon Jesus Christ and His atoning blood for salvation. That is my reliance.

The Christian religion is a religion of song. Atheists cannot write music. Pagans cannot sing sweetly. It is Jesus who puts a song in the heart. It is He who makes us sing. It is the sorrow of my life that I cannot sing. I cannot stay on pitch. I haven't a sense of pitch. But I have a song in my heart; I wish I could sing it. It is a song that I did not write. Jesus wrote it. He put it there in my heart Himself that night He saved me when I was eleven years old. Some day I am going to sing it. You have heard lovely music tonight, but you wait until you hear me sing! When I get to Heaven, that land of cloudless sky, I am going to dip my tongue in the melody of the sky, ask the heavenly orchestra to set the pitch for me, and I am going to sing that song that Jesus put in my heart.

Who else but a Christian can sing his way through the sorrows of life? Who else but a Christian like Paul and Silas could sing in a dismal dungeon when backs were lacerated and feet were in stocks? Who else but a Christian can go down into the valley of the shadow of death and say, "Glory to God! O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory"? Who else but a Christian can see the coffin go down and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Oh, it is wonderful to have a religion that is a religion of light and song!

Jesus Christ May Become the Light of the Individual World

Did it ever occur to you that no two people really live in the same world? Everybody in this house lives in a little world of your own, a world of your own individuality, a world of your own peculiarity, a world of your own personality, a world where you hope, dream, yearn and long—a little world all your own. You have things in your heart you just cannot tell anybody else. All music, all art, all the architecture, all human achievement is just a feeble effort of man to draw on his depths and get something out of his soul that he cannot tell.

My little grandson, Bobby III, (Continued on Page 3)



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The Light of the World

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was in my office some time ago. I said, "Bobby, some day Pop (he calls me "Pop") will move out, if the Lord tarries, and your daddy will move in here. And you might move in his office, Bobby, and I want to be sure you are a Christian. Do you know Jesus, Bobby? Have you trusted Him?"

He said, "Yes, Pop, I've trusted Him."

I said, "Bobby, tell me how you know it."

He said, "Pop, it is so hard to tell—I can't get it out, you know. It is down there, but I just can't exactly tell it." Oh, listen: there is always something you cannot tell. There are unexplored depths. You can find the word, but it does not say all you feel.

I am talking to some woman tonight, or maybe some man who is at the parting of the ways. And, by the way, don't you women get the idea that you have all the burdens. There are men in this house tonight with storms in our hearts that would sink all the ships at sea. I am talking to men tonight who have come to where the road parts. They look down this way and say, "I don't believe I can afford to go that way; that might lead me to disgrace. And this other road might lead me to defeat. I do not know what to do." I will tell you what to do: look up to Jesus! He will show you which way to go. Down yonder where it looked like disgrace, you will find honor. Where you thought it would be defeat, you will find victory.

I am talking to some woman here tonight who years ago looked up in your heart a secret sorrow. You threw away the key. You have spent all these years hoping nobody would ever know it. One day you thought you would tell somebody, but the moment you tried to you were ashamed to do it, and you said, "I'm never going to tell it. I am going to suffer alone." Your dreams have faded, your hopes have been dashed and you have gone through weary, lonely, sad hours alone. Many times when everybody else has been asleep you have stayed awake to weep. You poured out burning tears on your pillow. The next morning maybe you heard the prattle of little baby feet coming to the bed and you turned the pillow over to hide your tears and began to smile. You do not know what to do? I can tell you what to do. Trust Jesus Christ; yield your life to Him. Listen. He will turn all those tears into pearls, string them for you, put them in a crown of joy and put the crown on your head. He will chase away the midnight darkness. Oh, what a Saviour! There never was a cloud He could not drive out of the sky.

He can drive the darkness out of the valley of the shadow of death. Wait a minute! "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Listen! Death is never a valley when a Christian gets there. It looks like a valley on my journey there, but when I get there, death is never a valley. You never knew a Christian who at the last moment dreaded to die. He may dread it until the time comes. He instinctively draws back. But you wait until he peeps through the gate and sees what is on the other side!

Years ago there was a frail invalid woman, a lovely wife who had a lovely husband. They had no children, and they prayed that God would send them a baby. They kept praying and kept praying. One day God sent a little baby into their home. The little thing was there on the mother's arm, and the doctor leaned over the bed and looked at the mother. The husband and the nurse were there. The woman said, "Doctor, am I dying?"

The doctor said, "Yes, dear. I am awfully sorry, dear; but I must be honest with you. Yes, you are dying."

"Oh, doctor, I wanted this little baby so bad. Doctor, I wouldn't mind dying if I could take my little baby along. Can't I take my baby with me, doctor?"

The doctor said, "Dear, I'm

awfully sorry—I—I am so sorry, but that little gate of death is so narrow that you will have to go alone. That is one gate you will have to go through alone. Everybody has to go through it alone. There is not room in the gate for even the wee little baby, so you will have to go all alone through the gate." Doctor, do not tell her that. Do not say that to her, doctor! You do not understand. She cannot take the baby; you are right about that. And her husband at the gate of death will have to say, "Good-by." That is all true. But I know somebody who can go through the gate of death with her. His name is Jesus. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." Oh, there is no dark valley to the Christian!

Years ago down South there was an old man dying, an old father. While he was dying his son stood at the bedside. His son had been to a university and had had his faith shattered. He watched his father dying and said, "Father, how does the valley look?"

The father said, "The valley?"

"Yes, how does the valley look?"

"What do you mean by the valley?"

"Why, Father, the doctor says you are in the valley of the shadow of death. And you have always talked about your faith and your Saviour and your religion. How does the valley look?"

The old man said, "The valley! The doctor says I am in the valley! Tell that doctor he does not know what he is talking about. Tell him I am not in the valley. Tell him I am on the sunlit summit. Tell him it is the brightest day I ever saw!"

Death for a Christian, I say again, may look like a valley as he journeys that way, but when he gets there it is not a valley. The light of the heavenly city floods the valley!

Christ, the Light of This Dark World

I remember years ago when I was a young man I was holding a campaign in a city. We had had only rain and mud and slush—I had not seen the sun in eight days. I had been under a strain. I was sitting on the front porch of a little frame hotel one Sunday morning. The vines had grown clear up beyond the second floor.

I looked up at the muddy clouds and said to myself, "It looks to me as if that great big sun could clear up the sky. Why can't you get rid of those clouds? You ought to be able to do it." While I was sitting there thinking I saw a great big cloud rent in twain and back of it was a misty veil. I sat there and watched that misty veil, shot through with holes of light. The great big sun stepped out from behind the cloud and waved at me, and I threw it a kiss.

I was carried back in my thoughts two thousand years ago when midnight's blackest darkness hovered above this earth and wise men groped their way through the darkness, looking for light. One day a star appeared. That star led them across plains and mountains and rivers and over hills. And, like all true light, it led them to Jesus and began to shine over His cradle. That star did not go out at that cradle. That star was shining in the temple when He was twelve years of age and talked to the doctors. It was shining at Jordan when He was baptized. In His temptation in the wilderness, on the mountain-top, on the pinnacle of the temple, it was shining. It was shining in His miracles when He made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak; when He cured the palsy, cleansed the leper, raised the dead.

One day the world said, "Let's put it out." The world does not want light. Its deeds are evil.

One time I called on a neighbor in my town just at twilight. The lady said, "Come in; Tom will be in in just a minute." I walked into the parlor and wondered why she did not turn the light on. It was getting dark and I sat there waiting for her husband to come. Suddenly her little boy came in

and started to turn on the light. She said, "Don't turn on the light, Son; your mother's hair isn't combed."

Whenever Jesus came into a room He pressed the button. Those old Pharisees said, "Cut off that light! We don't look right in the light." So the world said, "Let's get rid of His light," and they put Jesus on a cross. The heavens put on mourning and bowed to the earth to weep, the earth staggered under its load, and darkness settled down. It looks as if the light is gone. But wait a minute—maybe it isn't. Listen; a moment later the light flashed into the heart of the dying thief, got rid of all the darkness of his soul and got it ready to go Home to God.

Then they took Jesus down off the cross and put Him in a tomb. For three days there was darkness. Some of the disciples said, "Let's go back to work." Peter said, "I'll go back to fishing. The light is all gone." But three days later the star poured its light into the sepulcher. Some angels were flying around and that sepulcher looked so much like Heaven they thought they had got home, and they flew in!

Men and women, that star arose never to set. After a while the old world will catch fire and burn, and the moon, colored as red as blood, will hang—her crimson livery upon the wing of the night, and the sun will drag up to the door of Heaven and refuse to shine. And breath from the nostrils of God will blot out the stars, and universal midnight will come. But there will be no midnight for a Christian. Heaven is a city of light.

Jesus, the Light of Eternal Heaven

John on the isle of Patmos when the darkness of loneliness and the war of sorrow had settled upon him, got out his old prophetic telescope and said, "I want to see what I can find up yonder where I am going to stay forever." And he turned that telescope to the sky and looked through it. He said, "It is a beautiful gate, isn't it? I never saw so much wealth! It is a solid pearl. And that wall! It is of jasper. Oh, the wealth! I want to see everything before it gets night. I do not want to miss anything. If I am going to stay there some day, I want to look it over."

Then he said, "The streets are gold. They must have a lot of gold up there; they use it for pavement. And that river! I never saw any water as clear as that. It is as clear as crystal. And the tree—oh, what a tree! Oh, it is for the health of the nations."

"I must not miss anything because it is going to be night after a while. Before the sun goes down I would like to see everything in it that I can. What a city! Nobody is wearing mourning up there."

Think of living in a city where nobody wears mourning! John did not see any wrinkled faces. The fingers of time had not pinched wrinkles around anybody's eyes. And no shoulders were drooping under the weight of their years. John did not see any little babies crying in pain. The saddest note I ever heard is the cry of a little baby who cries out in the night and cannot tell what hurts him. I want to live in a city where babies do not cry.

John said, "I wonder where the graveyard is. I do not see any—oh, there is no death there!"

Then he said, "I must see it all before night gets here." He took hold of his telescope again and then he said, "It is away past night—the days must be longer up there." He kept looking and looking and looking, on through the hours and hours and hours; and it was just as bright after hours passed as it was when he first looked. And John cried out in matchless ecstasy, "There is no night there! The Sun never sets!"

Think of living in a city forever and forever where there were no graveyards, where nobody died, where no babies ever cried in pain, where nobody wore mourning! Think of it! Think of a city where there is no sin, a city where nobody ever dips his

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(Continued from Page 1)

says, "When I awake, I am still with thee."

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What kind of Christians are these we see about us! Their faces are sad. Their minds are continually burdened with the things of the world. They are as anxious about money as if there were no God. They worry about tomorrow as if God did not love them, as if God did not answer prayer. Their very life every day shows lack of faith in God. You cannot trust and worry at the same time. You may pray and worry, but it is not the prayer of faith. You may work and worry, but it is not with the obedient, trustful heart that labors joyfully, "forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord" (I Cor. 15:58). In other words, worry is the mark of a poor Christian.

It seems small wonder that the world is, not converted with the brand of Christianity that people see about them every day. We talk about the wonderful joy of being a Christian but we do not look cheerful. We talk about old things being passed away and all things becoming new, but the average Christian does not show the newness of life. There is no lilt to his voice, no shine to his face, no song of rejoicing in his heart; there are no praises on his lip!

Men ask sometimes, "Why cannot sinners trust the Lord for salvation?" A much more pertinent question would be, "Why cannot saints of God trust God about everything else after He has already given them salvation?"

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"—Rom. 8:32.

Most Christians are like the man who was trudging down the road carrying a fifty pound sack of potatoes. His neighbor came by in the wagon and offered him a ride. So he climbed in the wagon and sat, with the potatoes still upon his back.

"Put your load down, brother, and rest," said the driver.

But the man with the burden answered: "No, it is enough to ask that you carry me without carrying my potatoes, too." So he rode, but every yard of the journey he carried his own burden needlessly and foolishly. And are not we guilty of the same kind of folly? God has given us freely everlasting life—a wonderful, great salvation. He gave His only Son to die for us, He who redeemed us from an awful Hell. So we are riding on to Heaven, carried freely by His grace, but we carry our own burdens needlessly and foolishly when God is

tongue in the slime of slander to try to ruin somebody's reputation. Think of it. Oh, that city is my home! There shadows never come. There evening twilight nor morning twilight ever comes—it is always noonday splendor. Oh, the glory of that city! And there are no tears there.

Dr. Len G. Broughton, the great southern preacher, told me a wonderful story. He said years ago in Virginia, just after he gave

(Continued on Page 8)

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If God would give His Son to save us, "how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. 8:32).

To the child of God is given the promise, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee" (Psa. 55:22). We are exhorted in I Peter 5:7, "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

Christ is the answer to every need of a Christian. If we think of troubles and trials—and this world is full of them—we should remember that Jesus said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (John 16:33). We should remember that "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all" (Psa. 34:19). Jesus is greater than all the troubles of this world.

Are you tempted? Do the wiles of Satan so allure and deceive and tempt that it seems impossible for you to withstand? Then Christ, an ever present Christ, the Lord at hand, is the remedy for your temptation, for He was tempted in all points like as we but without sin (Heb. 4:15), and He promises, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (I Cor. 10:13).

Do you say the sadness in your heart and the frown upon your face and the dull, unchristian anxiety that weighs your heart down like lead are caused by some thorn in your flesh, some weakness, some temptation that nags you, some messenger of Satan that buffets you day by day? Then you must remember that for just such a case the Lord said to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (II Cor. 12:9). Even weakness and temptation and a thorn in the flesh can be made an occasion of joy. So Paul said,

"Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong"—II Cor. 12:9, 10.

And perhaps you are not only tempted but you have fallen under temptation; you have sinned. If there is anything in the world a child of God might grieve about, might be full of care and anxiety about, it would be the fact of sin. Sin grieves the heart of God, it takes away the joy of the Spirit's presence, it hinders the Christian's fruit bearing, it burns

(Continued on Page 4)

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God's Cure for Anxious Care

(Continued from Page 3)

a Christian's conscience. Sin is the worst thing in the world, the worst form of trouble. But shall the child of God, because he has sinned, be weighed down continually with care, with anxiety, with the bitterness of defeat? No, Christ is the remedy for the care and sorrow and worry caused by sin. He is with you, child of God, and He says, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. 5:20). God's abounding grace will cover confessed sin, will forgive it, will blot it out, will forget it!

Dear child of God, you have reason to rejoice and not be anxious. You have reason to be filled with praises and not to be filled with care. God knows your need before you ask. He who clothes the lilies of the field, who notes the sparrow's fall, who has counted all the hairs of your head, is Himself the remedy for anxiety and care.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Rom. 8:35-39.

Here is ground for praises and not worrying, ground for peace and contentment and not for anxious care.

Prayer, the Way Out "in Everything"

Since Christ is the Christian's joy and hope and peace, by seeking His face we may have all we need. That Scripture says, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Those words, "in everything," are blessed. There are no times, no seasons, no circumstances when Christ cannot meet every need of a believer in answer to prayer. All the things that cause care and anxiety can be conquered by prayer.

When I was a boy I remember how near the Lord seemed to me when I learned that I had a right to pray about little things and expect God's blessings. In our small town the cows grazed on the common, the open prairie surrounding us. The milkmen calves were turned out at night and sometimes they wandered for miles up a lane and one would not know where to find them. My father's buggy horses also were often hard to find, and I learned, as a timid boy Christian, to pray for God to help me. Does that seem foolish to you? Well, don't you think it is more foolish to worry about a little thing than to pray about it? Anything that is big enough to worry about is big enough to pray about. Anything that might cause care and anxiety in one of His dear children is of concern to our heavenly Father and should be a subject of prayer. The Bible here plainly commands us that "in everything" we should make our requests known to God. If God cares about daily food, and even the very hairs of our head are numbered, then there is nothing too little to take to God in prayer before it becomes to us a matter of care and anxiety.

In everything? Yes, we are to pray literally in everything. There is no problem too big to take to God. He who made the worlds, the infinite all-wise, all-powerful God, He who loved us enough to give His only begotten Son on the cross for our sins—"surely He is able and has promised, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark

11:24). And again He said, "All things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark 9:23).

"Prayer and Supplication"

It is right to pray. "Ye have not, because ye ask not" (Jas. 4:2). Many things we can have by simply stating our requests to God. The brief prayer of Peter when he walked on the water and was about to sink, "Lord, save me," was answered and Jesus lifted him up at once (Matt. 14:29-31). The sincere and penitent sinner who turns to Christ in faith may be saved instantly, without prolonged praying. The thief on the cross prayed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom" (Luke 23:42) and was saved that moment and went with Jesus to paradise that very day. The publican in the temple prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and that brief prayer was answered for he "went down to his house justified" (Luke 18:14).

Sometimes prayer means simply to speak and God at once gives the answer, but it is not always so. Perhaps you have prayed and your burden was not lifted. Perhaps you prayed or tried to and yet you were filled with anxious care. What then shall you do? The remedy is more prayer! Prayer AND SUPPLICATION. Supplication means begging, prolonged prayer, insistent prayer, demanding prayer, prayer that will not take no for an answer, prayer that will not quit. If you want to be free from worry and care you must learn to "pray through."

How clear is this doctrine throughout the Bible. Jacob "prayed through" when he wrestled all night with the angel of God, and said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me" (Gen. 32:26). His name was changed and instead of Jacob the schemer, the trickster, he became Israel, the prince, who had prevailed with God and with man. And though Jacob limped because of the shrunken sinew in his leg, he went boldly, unafraid, unworried, to meet Esau the next morning. God gave him the peace that passeth understanding and melted Esau's heart to forgiveness and brotherly love again. Praying through is essential to perfect peace and freedom from anxious care.

Mordecai and Esther and her maidens "prayed through" with fasting and prayer, neither eating nor drinking until God gave them perfect peace and victory about the welfare of the captive Jews when wicked Haman plotted to destroy them. God took away their worries and cares and Israel got great victory.

The people of Nineveh "prayed through" with fasting and prayer and got peace and forgiveness and God spared the city. Can you imagine the joy of their hearts when they got victory and could thank God and go about their duties, in the sweet peace and knowledge that God heard and would not destroy them for their sin?

Moses "prayed through" when God would have destroyed Israel (Exo. 32:30-34). His supplications are models for all who have burdened hearts.

Daniel set his face to seek the Lord and his supplication resulted in the peace that passeth understanding and God revealed His plan for Israel (Daniel, chapter 9).

The apostles "prayed through" before Pentecost. Acts 1:14 tells us that "these all continued with one accord in prayer and SUPPLICATION. He has not truly learned to pray who has not learned to beg. This is what Jesus meant in Luke 11:5-13 when He urged us to pray for Holy Spirit power like the man, who came at midnight to beg of his neighbor, "lend me three loaves; For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him." The friend did rise and give him, not because he was his friend, but because of his "importunity," that is, his begging, his supplication. So God gives us the power we need, gives us the blessing we need, gives us peace of heart, not simply because we are Christians but because we pray through and wait before Him until the answer comes.

How this kind of praying pleases

God! So Jesus reminded us of the woman before the unjust judge, who besought Him until He said, "Though I fear not God, nor regard man; Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me" (Luke 18:4, 5). And in the Revised Version the words of the unjust judge seem even clearer; "lest she wear me out by her continual coming." And then Jesus Himself pointed the moral for Christians, saying, "And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?" (Luke 18:7).

Therefore, let me lay on the heart of every child of God that this second step to perfect peace is supplication. The first step is prayer, the second step is really "praying through."

Do not misunderstand me. I do not believe it is necessary to "pray through" for salvation. It is only necessary to trust. "In Bible times no one was ever urged to wait and pray through in order to be saved. Those who believed in Christ were instantly saved, had everlasting life, and so it is today. But children of God who are harassed by anxiety and carelessness and worry should add supplications to their prayers. God will give the answer of perfect peace of heart if we keep His command, "In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

If you prayed and felt cold, then pray on. If it seemed that no one heard you, pray on! Pray on! If your own heart did not enjoy it, that is not surprising. Real prayer is often labor. Satan resists it and uses every means at his command. Our carnal nature does not like to patiently wait before God and seek His face. But if your heart is still cold, that is all the more reason to keep on praying. God is faithful and true. He will do His part, will do what He promised here even if your heart doubts it. Put God to a test and see! Try this blessed way of prayer and supplication with thanksgiving as a remedy for care and worry.

Why pray longer? Why plead and beg and wait before God? Does He not already know our need? Is His heart so hard that we must persuade Him to be compassionate and arouse His pity by our need? I am sure that is not the reason. The tender heart of God is ready now to give us everything we need. BUT WE OURSELVES ARE NOT READY! The selfishness, the selfishness, the covetousness, the sin you committed but did not confess, the sin you yourself did not even see, the sin you love and hold on to, the sin that dishonors God—God must deal with your sin while you wait and pray. Perhaps your will must be changed to His will. Perhaps your prayer must be modified to honor His great name. Perhaps your motive is wrong even if your prayer is right. But the fires of supplication will melt away the dross in your prayer life and God will be able to give you what you need as you wait before Him. "Supplication" is part of God's remedy for anxious care. Do not leave it out but pray through!

"With Thanksgiving"

Praise is the normal breath of the child of God. The Scripture commands: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." The angels praise God, "Glory to God in the highest." The seraphim cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory" (Isa. 6:3). We are told that "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me" (Psa. 50:23). How could a child of God have peace whose heart did not run over with thanks? So in this matter of a cure for anxious care God wants you to put in thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is the proper close to every prayer. No prayer is really finished until there comes the assurance that God hears. Sometimes we may need to let our prayer be like a serial story and continue it in the next issue. Sometimes we must keep pleading with God for days and waiting upon Him before He gives the assurance that our prayer is heard and promises us in the heart that we shall have the things we so earnestly desire. But no prayer

is ever really finished, finished and complete in such a fashion as to result in perfect peace of mind and heart, until we can add thanksgiving. The first step, then, in this cure for anxious care is to pray. The second step is supplication. The third step, the final step, is thanksgiving. We are to ask and beg, and then gratefully and joyfully to receive by faith.

Do you not see that thanksgiving is a proper part of faith? Do you not see that to thank God for the blessing He will give involves a belief in the heart? So when you come to pray, thank God for past blessings. There is enough in all the mercies He has shown, in all the bounties He has poured out, in all the riches He has given, to rejoice our hearts. To thank God for past blessings will many times give us such a sense of His

nearness, of His love, of His kindly watch care and protection that the sweetest peace will be ours. But if Thanksgiving for (Continued on Page 5)

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"Why Sit We Here Until We Die?"

(Continued from Page 1)

and chariots and the noise of a great host. The Syrians fled panic-stricken, leaving the camp as it was. They thought the Hittites and Egyptians had been hired against them by the Samaritans.

Back in the city, down by the gate, four lepers have met and are having a conference. God's Word records their conversation. Let us listen in:

"... Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die" (II Kings 7:3, 4).

These four lepers rose up in the twilight and went forth to the Syrian camp. They found the camp deserted and food in abundance to satisfy their hunger. They returned to the city bringing the glad tidings.

Now, what does this Old Testament story have to teach us today? These four living skeletons, with the flesh falling from their bodies, foul and grisly to look upon, give us a burning picture in type of those who are lost without Christ. How, you might ask, do they give us a picture of lost people?

These Four Men Were Lepers

Well, in the first place they picture the lost, because ALL FOUR WERE LEPERS. Leprosy, the dreaded disease of living death; leprosy the ageless, with its scythe of death mowing down humanity of all the ages, is a picture of sin. Leprosy is like sin because it makes men outcasts. No man of the seed of Aaron could ever become a priest as long as he was a leper. Sinner friend, neither can you become a priest of God, as all born-again believers are, until you have been cleansed by the blood from spiritual leprosy. God's Word says, "And from Jesus Christ... that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us... PRIESTS unto God and his Father..." (Rev. 1:5, 6).

Bible history is replete with the story of leprosy and its curse. Look at lovely Miriam, the sister of Moses, who, because of her murmuring against Moses, was cursed with leprosy to become loathsome. Remember Naaman, the proud Syrian general who was prostrated by its power. Again recall Gehazi, Elisha's servant, with the "itching palm," who thought to commercialize the power of God and was afflicted with Naaman's leprosy.

Leprosy is like sin because it is a curse that disfigures and weakens. I have seen pictures of lepers; in the last stages, "at the end," they are horrible to look upon. Sinner friend, you may not now be disfigured or weakened by sin, but "at the last" your life will be disfigured and your will to resist will be weakened. Only a miracle could cure the disease of leprosy, God's Word reveals. How true of sin! Only a miracle—the new birth—can take away sin and make new the soul scarred, weakened and disfigured by sin.

This grisly disease in many other ways is a type of sin. It is a disease of the blood, in its incipency a little spot under the skin, that finally spreads throughout the body, resulting in death. Sin is also a disease of the blood. David cried, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." (Psa. 51:5). Sin is a "blood disease." Jesus said to the Pharisees, "O generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things" (Matt. 12:34, 35).

Man is a sinner by nature (birth) and by practice (acts and thoughts). Man needs a new nature, a new birth.

In the Bible, as today, the de-

filement and loathsomeness of leprosy demanded the separation of the infected from the well. In our own country, there is a leper colony in the state of Louisiana, maintained by the government. In Bible times, too, the leper was an outcast from society—with-out the camp of Israel, without the tabernacle services, without God and without hope of natural cure. The leper, then, is a perfect type of the sinner, an outcast, who can do nothing for himself. He needs a substitute, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Too long have we preached little pious platitudes to sinners. Men need to know they are lost sinners. God's prophets have been blowing trumpets with an uncertain sound. Once again we should heed the exhortation of Isaiah, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins" (Isa. 58:1). The big reason our nation does not fear God, the reason we have not concern, the reason deep conviction and godly sorrow are not more in evidence is because sin is not condemned and named. Real, old-fashioned, Holy Ghost revivals begin with a condemnation of sin, high and low.

Wherever I go, I find the greatest need everywhere is a realization that people are sinners and lost. Even church members will alibi for a lost husband and say he is a good man, a clean man, morally, a kindly father. But nevertheless, he is a leper! Never forget it. The cleanest person on earth, unless he has been washed in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, is a spiritual leper. I know the average person today does not believe he is a sinner. The sugar-coating and pussy-footing have gone on so long, we have an age in which "every man is right in his own eyes" and thinks he will get to Heaven by his moral life. Listen! Every great revival movement has begun when people and preachers saw that sin is black and bore down on the fact that people are lost, and that Jesus Christ is the only remedy. Oh, for the power of the Holy Ghost on the lives of God's people and then a lifting up of voices to cry out against the sins of the day!

Jesus said: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice; for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Matt. 9:12, 13). These Pharisees, (and we still have many of them today), did not believe they were sinners, did not believe they were sick and in need of the Great Physician. Someone has said, "The only one Jesus can save is the one who will admit his sinfulness and believe in Christ's Sonship." Unsaved friend, you will never be saved until you realize you are wicked and sick and that only the Great Physician can cleanse and heal your leprous heart.

In a recent revival campaign the pastor and I were visiting the unsaved. On one of the calls we found our prospect out on the front lawn working around the shrubs. After the introductions, we were invited into the house. As we sat down in the living room, I asked the gentleman if he had been saved.

He said, "If you mean, do I live right and pay my honest debts—I am a Christian."

I said, "That is fine that you do these things, but have you ever been born again?"

"What do you mean by that?"

I then opened God's Word and read how he was lost and a sinner and needed to be saved. I had hardly finished reading the Bible when he jumped to his feet, with fists clenched, face and eyes aflame, leaped across the room to my chair.

"Don't you tell me I'm a sinner. I'm not lost! I'm a good man! You have insulted me," he cried. He quieted down after a moment and sat down trembling and panting from rage. We excused ourselves and left after we had

assured him we were interested only in helping him and did not mean to anger him.

Tragedy of tragedies, a man who attended church and Sunday School many times and yet did not realize he was a sinner and lost!

Again, leprosy is like sin because it brings death. God's Word says, "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:23). In our Lord's ministry, He healed several lepers. Witness the touching scene recorded in Luke 5:12, 13, "And it came to pass, when he was in a certain city, behold a man full of leprosy: who seeing Jesus fell on his face, and besought him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And he put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy departed from him." The dear Saviour is always ready to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him. No matter how vile a sinner might be, when he comes to Jesus repentant, He will not be cast out. "... and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37). Jesus loves lepers but hates leprosy. Jesus loves you; loved you first while you were "yet a sinner."

Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms,
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

Look at Naaman, the leper whom Elisha healed. The Bible says he was a man of good and noble character, a courageous fighter, an outstanding leader; "but he was a leper." You may be of good character, be cultured and refined, and even religious, and still not be a child of God. Naaman had many outstanding traits, but he was a leper. Naaman heard of Elisha and went to be cured by the prophet. Elisha told his servant Gehazi to tell Naaman to dip seven times in Jordan river. Naaman fussed and grumbled. In my imagination, I can almost hear him say, "Me wash in that old muddy river? I have clear rivers at home to wash in. I'm not going to dip seven times in that muddy Jordan!"

Many spiritual lepers today don't want to be cleansed God's way, either. They want a big demonstration, like Naaman wanted. Salvation by the blood is foolishness to them. But Naaman was finally persuaded to dip, God's way, seven times in Jordan, and was cleansed. You, too, must come God's way for cleansing from sin.

The epistle to the Hebrews gives plain teaching on the one and only way of remission of sin when God's Word says, "... and without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9:22). Come to Jesus, to the fountain filled with blood. Salvation has always been by blood.

In memory I go back to the little country church in Spring Valley, Missouri, and I see Uncle Pete as he clapped his hands for joy and sang with other blood-washed saints:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

They knew more than the modernists. They knew it was the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.

Without Christ you have the disease of sin, spiritual death, that will send your soul to Hell. Dead right now! Lost already! Leprosy of the heart brings eternal death unless cured. By faith in Christ, who died for you, you can be cleansed. Naaman the leper was cleansed by faith. It was a leper who had faith in Jesus to heal who said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean" (Luke 5:12). You will notice the "will"

God's Cure for Anxious Care

(Continued from Page 4)

past blessings is not enough, then pray through until you can thank God for the future blessings you so sorely need and desire. Pray until your prayer changes from begging to praise. And lo! you will find that sweet peace, the peace that the world cannot give, the peace that passeth human understanding, has entered in to fill your heart and your life.

Did you ever fall down to pray before God with burdens that seemed too heavy to bear? And did God answer even while you were on your knees, flooding your soul with assurance so that you could know, you felt, that the blessing was yours even before it came? That is what God speaks of here. Prayer and supplication and thanksgiving bring perfect peace.

Dear troubled child of God, believe me, the birds can sing for you again! God can give joy for mourning and beauty for ashes. He can restore the years that the locusts have eaten. The prodigal boy from the misery and want and heartbreak of the far country can again rejoice at the father's table. I beg you earnestly as one who has had burdens and had them lifted, as one who is a sinner and has been forgiven, as one who has had many sorrows but found sweet comfort, as one who has worried and chafed and fretted and, thank God, who has learned to have peace.

Why should people be moved by the preaching of one who is not a happy Christian, filled with the peace of God? How could we expect the members of the family in the home to be influenced by the Christian who loves them but who

is worried and fretted and hounded even as unsaved ones are, by the cancer of worry and anxiety and care? How can God's Spirit fill a fretful, worried Christian? How can you have a song in your heart and praise on your lips when you are cumbered life Martha, with too much serving, tied to the apron strings of this world and hounded by every tribulation that Satan can turn loose, like dogs of Hell upon the saints of God? In Christ the heavy laden can have rest. The weary, the toiling, the disappointed, the sad, can find soul-rest in Him who is meek and lowly in heart. His yoke is easy—shame upon us if we make the outside world think it is hard! Wisdom's "way are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." What sin to leave the impression upon a sinning world that it is a thorny, troubled, defeated life to be a child of God! No, no, do not so dishonor your profession, and so slander the God you serve! Get victory over anxious care and be a happy, victorious Christian, shining forth like a joyful light in a sad and bitter and darkened world.

This Victory May Be Yours and It May Be a Continuous Victory

Notice the promise, "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Joys may be fleeting but peace stays. Make it the habit of your life, beginning today, to let your requests be made known to God, literally "in everything," with prayer and supplication and thanksgiving.

Christians, the Lord is at hand! Take your burdens to Him, pray through and thank Him and have peace!

and the "can" are in the right places. He did not say, "If thou canst, wilt thou make me clean?" That would have been unbelief and not faith. Praise God, Jesus CAN and WILL make the vilest sinner clean. Believe on Christ!

Notice next that,

All Four Were Starving to Death

Famine covered Samaria like locusts covered Egypt. Not one soul had faith in Elisha's prophecy. Food was to be had free, just outside the gate of Samaria. How tragic when unbelief makes truth untrue, for unbelief robs us of both spiritual and material bounties.

That night in the little mud brick houses behind the walls, thousands of starving people lay down on their rug beds; with sunken eyes, bony frames, and protruding cheek bones, thinking that grim death awaited them at the morning light. They were starving to death with food so near; imprisoned in the cage of their own homes, yet as free as the vultures that now circled the dying city. These four lepers, along with the others, were slowly starving to death. Today the world is dying of spiritual famine. They will not receive the Bread of Life.

The psalmist said, "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him" (Psa. 34:8). Listen to the invitation God gives to every starving soul, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isa. 55:1).

It is remarkable how often God's Word compares salvation to eating or drinking. Jesus said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am the bread of life. ... I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. ... Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you,

Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day" (John 6:47, 48, 51, 53, 54).

The hymn writer expressed the sinners need of the Bread of Life when he wrote:

Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page I
seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee, O
living Word.
Thou art the bread of life, O
Lord to me,
Thy holy Word the truth That
saveth me;
Give me to eat and live With
Thee above;
Teach me to love Thy truth,
For Thou art love.

In a spiritual sense, to be born again we must eat the Bread of Life for ourselves. No one can eat for you and you be satisfied; thus no one can be saved for you, you must "eat for yourself." You would not give a man a magazine if he were hungry, then ask him to look at the pictures of food

(Continued on Page 6)

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HELP US PRAY

The Lord has wonderfully blessed us here in The Sword of the Lord office. Early last year we were many thousands of dollars in debt on some \$70,000 worth of stock we carried. By God's grace we paid off thousands of dollars worth of bills for printing, binding and equipment out of income, and the rest of our stock was financed by long term notes. We are now taking discounts on many of our bills. For example, by the tenth of February all our January bills were paid. Praise the Lord!

But The Sword of the Lord has several serious needs and there are several matters in which we ought to enlarge our soul-winning work. We ask you to pray about the following matters.

1. We Need an Apartment House for Some of Our Workers

Wheaton is a college town of about eight thousand inhabitants. It is very crowded and our workers find it desperately hard to get apartments. It is almost impossible to rent a house. Most workers do not have money to buy a home or build. Some very valued workers we have been unable to keep because they could not find an apartment. If we could build an apartment house with six or eight moderately-priced apartments, it would help wonderfully in this matter. We could get other needed workers if proper housing were available. It would probably take \$25,000 or more to build the apartment house we need. After built, it would yield a steady income. Please pray that \$8,000 or \$10,000 will somehow be provided to buy the lot and make it possible to begin such a building soon. The balance could be financed on easy terms.

2. We Probably Should Build Our Own Printing Plant

At present we do none of our own printing. THE SWORD OF THE LORD is printed at Dixon, Illinois, by contract. We do all the office and editorial work but we do not do the actual printing in our plant. Our books are printed and bound for us under contracts with various printing and bookbinding plants. We now spend in the neighborhood of \$100,000 a year for printing and binding. And our printing expense is constantly increasing. We do enough printing to keep a good sized shop busy. We now have about thirty-five workers in our business. We probably ought to have a printing plant with four or five more workers. We believe that God would give us an experienced and consecrated Christian man, a master printer, to run such a plant for us if the building and equipment were provided. I know that God has the money, and if He wants us to expand the work, He can provide the means. We know that we could print books and the paper cheaper than hiring it done; we could give away more free literature and get out the gospel further. We are waiting on God about this matter and want to know His will. Will you help us pray? Remember that The Sword of the Lord Foundation is a nonprofit corporation, chartered under the laws of Illinois, that no profit can accrue to the editor and none of the property of the foundation can revert to the editor or his heirs. We have signed all the assets over to the corporation, to be used for the Lord in getting out the gospel. So we know that many godly people will join us in praying that the equipment may be provided for this great Christian publishing enterprise.

3. We Still Need Money for Expansion

We have just printed a beautiful and expensively-bound book of sermons, *Bread From Belvedere Oven*, by Dr. Robert G. Lee. The printer already has set the type for my new book of over two hundred pages on, *Is Jesus God?* It will soon be on the presses, and we hope will be delivered by the middle or last of March. We

are printing ten thousand copies and that will cost several thousand dollars. I have a manuscript for another book all ready for the printer and two others almost ready, which I trust will be largely used of God. Then we have manuscripts for a great book of revival sermons by Dr. Bob Jones, Sr., which we should like very much to publish soon. To put the new books in print which we ought to publish this year will cost \$20,000 or \$25,000 for manufacture alone, not counting the heavy secretarial and office and overhead expenses, and the thousands of dollars worth of advertising that ought to be done. All these books would have a ready sale. Our long experience helps us to believe that they would be richly blessed of God. If we could print a good stock of these books we have in mind and pay cash for the printing, we would save money and it would be a fine investment in the Lord's work.

Much of This Expansion Will Be Provided by God's People

The work of Jesus Christ will be supported by the friends of Jesus Christ. The Sword of the Lord is not a money-making institution. We give away tens of thousands of dollars worth of Christian literature. We promote revivals, win thousands of souls and stir tens of thousands of Christians through THE SWORD OF THE LORD and books and pamphlets, conferences on evangelism, and the promotion of other evangelists. This is God's work.

It is true that many of The Sword of the Lord enterprises will, by very careful management, pay their own way. Because The Sword of the Lord pays no salary to the editor, no profit on all the money the editor has invested through the years, we are able to get out Christian literature more widely and at less cost than most Christian publishing firms.

But it is only fair to say that this is not primarily a business enterprise. Necessarily if The Sword of the Lord Foundation accomplishes the aims we have for it, we must have the support of some of God's people financially. There are a number of ways in which people can help besides prayer.

First, we would be willing to borrow a few thousand dollars to be invested in new publications, the money to be borrowed for two or three years at a reasonable rate of interest. The loans would be secured by a promissory note, officially signed for The Sword of the Lord Foundation by the president and secretary-treasurer, backed by all our assets.

Second, some who can do so ought to make outright gifts to The Sword of the Lord to help on the expansion program, in order to get the gospel to more people quickly. Gifts to The Sword of the Lord are deductible for income tax purposes since this is a corporation not for profit, chartered under the laws of the state of Illinois.

Third, some godly people would do well to leave money and property to The Sword of the Lord in their will for advancement of the cause of Christ. By the strict laws of Illinois the property and assets of this nonprofit corporation cannot be used by the editor of The Sword of the Lord for personal gain, cannot be inherited by his family; must be used for the purposes given.

We will be glad to hear from those interested. We will give details about loans, which will be backed, of course, by our fine assets in building, equipment and large stock of books. We will be glad to suggest a form of bequest for those who wish to make a will, if one wishes to leave property or money to The Sword of the Lord after his death.

Please pray with us about these problems. Those who want to help may write Sword of the Lord Publishers, 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

"Why Sit We Here Until We Die?"

(Continued from Page 5)

and have his hunger satisfied. No! Neither will learning some rules, or attending a confirmation class and putting something into your head save you. It is receiving Christ into the heart, not just head knowledge, that saves. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Rom. 10:10).

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" (Jer. 17:9). It is the heart that needs changing. Unless one is changed inwardly, he will not be changed outwardly. To be saved, you must receive Christ into your heart. Salvation is first inward, then outward. Food must be eaten to satisfy hunger and promote growth. You may know all about Jesus with your head, but you must receive Him into your heart to have your soul satisfied.

Then, too, Jesus is the Water of Life; for He said to the woman at the well, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst . . . The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw" (John 4:14, 15). She drank of the Water of Life and was saved. In Revelation 22:17, the same water is referred to, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Our Lord spoke about this spiritual water that you need when He said: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7:37, 38).

Years ago, I read the story of a brave band of men who set out to sail across the Atlantic Ocean from Europe to South America. Just before they reached South America a storm arose and the little vessel was almost wrecked. With sails and rudder low, and no land in sight, they drifted for three days and at last the water gave out. Two days went by with no water. Men were slowly dying of thirst. Finally, in a mad gesture of desperation, a sailor cast a bucket with a line overboard into the ocean; when he drew it up, he found it was fresh water. For three days the boat had been floating in fresh water and the crew didn't know it. Some had died of thirst while they floated in fresh water. They did not know the Amazon River emptied its mighty waters into the Atlantic Ocean at this point, and, as a result, for miles out into the ocean the water was fresh.

Souls are dying with the Water of Life so close. They hear how to be saved. They know they are hungry and thirsty. Oh, that they might come and drink of the Water of Life and eat of the Bread of Life!

All Four Were Beggars

Notice next, these four men were beggars. They picture the spiritual bankruptcy of every unsaved person. We have nothing with which to buy salvation. We must say, "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling." No righteousness of our own! All our self-righteousness is filthy rags. Isaiah described a long time ago the spiritual state of everyone outside of Christ, "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away" (Isa. 64:6).

One night, after a glorious service in a revival at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, some personal workers came with a man and his wife to the inquiry room. The pastor, a consecrated man of God,

dealt with him in the room and he was born again. After the services were dismissed, some of the membership was still in the tabernacle when the pastor asked the brother to give his testimony. The pastor asked the brother what had happened in his heart. "I ain't got words much to say it," the tall, muscular man cried and shook as he spoke, "but I was such a sinner till tonight. I work on a section gang where lots of sin goes on. I just told the Lord, 'I ain't got nothin' to bring; you'll just have to take me the sinner I am.' So, He saved me and I'm so happy." What a testimony! Nothing to bring—how true of us all. We are poor, but when Jesus comes in the "beggars" become a "rich man."

Never shall I forget Homer Rodeheaver as he sang and dramatized his hymn, "Then Jesus Came."

One sat alone beside the highway begging,
His eyes were blind, the light he could not see;
He clutched his rags and shivered in the shadows,
Then Jesus came and bade his darkness flee.

When Jesus comes the tempter's pow'r is broken;
When Jesus comes the tears are wiped away.
He takes the gloom and fills the life with glory,
For all is changed when Jesus comes to stay.

The righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ is given to you as a free gift if you will "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Paul had plenty to boast about concerning his own self-righteousness, but he knew all of his own righteousness in God's sight was "filthy rags." Of his own righteousness he said: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (Phil. 3:7-9). No! You cannot work for eternal life.

Jesus paid it all, all to Him
I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

If you could work out your own salvation, then Jesus made a mistake by dying on the cross. Such Paul said so, "I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain" (Gal. 2:21). As someone has put it, "Our salvation is not 'do' but 'done'!" Yes, Jesus has done it all on the cross. "But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God" (Heb. 10:12).

In the Old Testament, the priest never finished, he never sat down. The sacrifices were imperfect and were not complete. They were but "shadows of the good things to come." But notice, when Jesus made the one sacrifice, perfect and complete, He sat down. His blood is sufficient to save all who come unto Him by faith. He cried from the cross, "It is finished." After our Lord's crucifixion, when He ascended to Heaven He sat down, thus showing salvation had been completed. His work to save sinners was done.

These Four Men Did Something About It

The fourth thing I would like for you to see about these four men is that EVERY MAN ACTED.

"... Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syri-

ans: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die . . . and when they were come to the uttermost part of the camp of Syria, behold, there was no man there" (II Kings 7:3-5). Why do you sit there and die in your sins? Yield your will to His and be saved! As long as you "intend to be saved sometime," you never will. You must come to the place where you will say, "Today I am going to yield my heart and life to the call of the Holy Spirit." "The road of by and by leads to the town of never." These men had everything to gain and nothing to lose. They realized if they sat there they would die; if they went into the city they would die; so they decided to throw themselves on the mercy of the Syrians. They reached the zero hour of desperation! Once again "man's extremity became God's opportunity."

Perhaps you say, "I, too, am at the point of desperation." Then venture forth by faith as they did. But you say, "I don't know whether I can live the Christian life," or, "I don't feel like I think I ought to feel." But, if you wait you are going to die. I would try the Lord Jesus and His promises if I were you. Better take what opportunity there is and risk it, at any cost, since you are certain to die and be lost and go to Hell. The Holy Spirit urges you and pleads for you to come today.

Only one road was open—they could not make a mistake by going. There is only one road to Heaven, you can't make a mistake. Even if you are not fearing and trembling, you could not make a mistake as bad as failing to come to Christ. Why sit you there until you die? Arise and come to Jesus.

The prodigal son, in the depths of sin; hungry, tired and desperate, "came to himself" and came home. What did he say? "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants" (Luke 15:17-19). The prodigal arose and came home and his father received him and forgave him.

Why should I perish in dark despair,
Here where there's no one to help or care,
When there is shelter and food to spare?
I will arise and go, back to my father and home.

These four lepers were not absolutely sure they would die at the hands of the Syrians. They had a little faith. On this little faith they acted and were rewarded far more than they expected.

O sinner friend, the way is open. Try faith in Christ. You can't be any worse; you may be better. If He should cast you out, you cannot be any worse; but He cannot reject you, for He says, "... him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37).

These men could not see that the camp was deserted. They went forth by faith. Does not the Word say, "Now faith is the substance of things HOPED FOR, the evidence of things NOT SEEN" (Heb. 11:1)? These four were desperate, but that was not enough; they had FAITH.

I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know I must forever die.

Faith was rewarded! They found the Syrian camp deserted of men, and all the spoils and bounty of the camp left behind. Weary soul, come to Jesus. He has gone before and the enemy has fled. The bounties of Heaven's table are yours through faith. Come and dine! Come to Christ today!



TRACTS
Recommended by Louis T. Talbot, Paul R. Bauman, Sam H. Sutherland, and others. Titles include Life, Facts, Hell, Christ Speaks on Hell, When the Books are Opened, Ye Must Be Born Again, Sliding into Hell from a Church Pew, Etc. Send 1¢ for samples.
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DISTINGUISHED MEN COMMEND "THE RUIN OF A CHRISTIAN"

We have been much pleased at the kindly reception given the editor's book, *The Ruin of a Christian*. Distinguished men have written their hearty approval. Great Christian magazines have added their praise. Obscure Christians from many parts of the world including housewives, businessmen and service men tell how they have been helped by it. Some of these comments we give you here.

"Here is evangelistic preaching with all the fine passion, humor and drama of Dwight Moody. A book for the backslidden—and the careless who stand in peril of backsliding. Twelve sermons that bless and burn—and challenge mightily."—*Christian Herald*.

"John Rice's book on Prayer is one of the mightiest appeals, explanations, challenges that has been written in a long while. This book is equally as good. It is desperately needed. The message of it is mostly to Christians, but there is enough gospel in it, enough passionate proclamation of the plan of salvation to lead any sinner to Christ. The great value of the volume lies in the fact that there are so many backslidden, drifting, hesitant, 'at ease in Zion' church members, saved and unsaved, who need this constraining presentation of their duties, their obligations, their privileges.

"I read the book through in one sitting. It searched my soul, my life, my motives. The careful, prayerful reading of it is sure to lead to a rededication of all life to the Lord Jesus Christ. We preachers should delve into it first. We should then move heaven and earth to pass it around among all of our people.

"Everything John Rice writes is readable. This book is unusually so. Every chapter is eminently worthwhile. My own heart was especially stirred by the chapters on Lukewarmness, on The Curse of Hidden Sins, on Break Up Your Fallow Ground.

"Indeed and indeed I am grateful to the Lord for both author and book. Without any reservation, I recommend it unhesitatingly to everyone everywhere."—Dr. Hyman J. Appelman, Southern Evangelist.



"I brought your book, 'The Ruin of a Christian,' along with me to read on the train on the way up here. After breakfast the first morning I got it out thinking to read one or two of the sermons, but found it so gripping that I read the entire volume before laying it down. I do not hesitate to say that, in this book, you have struck the most vitally needed note in our preaching today. May the Lord mightily use these messages to convict, arouse and bestir Christian people everywhere. I am fully persuaded that, unless God's people can be awakened in matters with which this book deals, we need never expect great revivals nor great results in soul-winning. Surely 'the time is come that judgement must begin at the house of God.' Every chapter of the book deals with a most vital phase of the subject, but I think that the chapters on 'Lukewarmness,' 'The Sin of Lying,' 'Speak Not Evil One of Another,' and 'Judge Not' are the most powerful exposures of the most common and deadly sins among professing Christians everywhere today that I have read or heard. God grant that this book may be read by multiplied thousands. Every Chris-

tian in America who is praying for a revival ought to get this book, read it prayerfully and pass it on to someone else."—Dr. Joe Henry Hankins, Southern Evangelist.

"The Ruin of a Christian' ought to be placed in the hands of every convert as a warning and a preventative. It should be given to every backslider. It will search, it will convict, it will challenge, it will heal, it will help bring revival. This book is written attractively for young people. Teen-ages and others will read it with interest and eternal profit. It will save them from the backsliding and sorrow that comes to so many. May God abundantly bless and use this powerful book!"—Rev. Torrey M. Johnson, Director Chicago Youth for Christ, Pastor Northwest Bible Church, Chicago.

"Here is a stirring, thrilling, searching book that should be read by every Christian. Attention should be given to its contents and obedience be rendered unto the light and teaching therein. It is the kind of book that speaks plainly, pointedly, yet lovingly to our tendency to conform to the lukewarm Laodicean condition of contemporary Christianity. It shows us the way of conformity to Christ. I have read it with deep searching of heart and personal profit."—Dr. V. R. Edman, President Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois.

"My opinion is that you have given us your best work so far; at least on a par with the best passages in your book on 'Prayer.' The sermon entitled, 'Washing Dirty Feet' is perhaps the peak of excellence in the volume. I should want to possess the book if it were only for that one sermon.

"Not only have you given us sound doctrine and keen application, but you have coupled Apostolic boldness with rare tenderness. The sermon on Lot is a timely warning, whose solemn message will doubtless burn into many a conscience.

"I pray for this book a very wide ministry."—Rev. J. C. Macaulay, Pastor Wheaton Bible Church, Wheaton, Illinois.

"I am writing to express my appreciation for your book, 'The Ruin of a Christian.' I congratulate you upon the fearless treatment of some of the sins which you deal with. I do not know when I have read a book with more interest. It is plain, simple and exhaustive."—Dr. W. W. Melton, Executive Secretary, Texas Baptist Convention.

"It is exactly what is needed and that kind of preaching and indoctrination must come or else the apostasy is going to completely get us."—Dr. Bob Shuler, Editor The Methodist Challenge, Pastor Trinity Methodist Church, Los Angeles.

"I have read most of the sermons already. I want to commend them most highly and without any reservation whatsoever. I thank God for every remembrance of you. You hit straight, hard and true. I pray that this new book may be widely read and that through its barbed arrows the slain of the Lord may be many."—Dr. Harry J. Hager, Pastor Bethany Reformed Church, Chicago, Illinois.

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With the Evangelists Reports From America's Outstanding Soul Winners

BY THE EDITOR

Evangelist Billy Graham

A fine letter has just come from Billy Graham, a greatly used evangelist and also Interim President of Northwestern Schools, Minneapolis, in which he says:

"I have been on the West coast fulfilling speaking engagements. God has been wonderfully blessing. During the month of January it was my privilege to see over 1,400 souls come to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ in meetings here and there and everywhere. I believe we are in the midst of what may be a great moving of the Holy Spirit toward revival."

Evangelist Jimmie Threlfall

Young Evangelist Jimmie Threlfall has just closed a revival meeting in the Union Valley Baptist Church, near Whiteville, North Carolina. Rev. E. E. Ulrich, pastor. Forty-five people trusted Christ during the campaign, and many others came back to the Lord, confessing sins that had hindered their testimony for Christ. Family altar was started in many homes. Among those saved were four grown married brothers, fathers of children. The last one was not saved until the closing night of the meeting. Brother Threlfall says: "That afternoon he came in from his work—he is a farmer—and told his wife that he didn't think he could 'hold out any longer'."

Another happy incident is cited by our brother: "One evening after the service I managed to get back by the door before the ones in the back were able to get out the door. A young mother had been saved earlier in the meeting and was greatly burdened for her husband. As I shook hands with this young man I told him that we were praying for him and would certainly like to see him

trust Christ as his Saviour. I had no sooner spoken to him than he threw his arms around my neck and began to cry and said, 'Oh, I've wanted to do it! I've wanted to do it!' And right there he trusted Christ as his own personal Saviour. Oh, what a joy it is to see the transforming power of the Lord Jesus when a sinner trusts Him as his Saviour!"

Other meetings scheduled for Rev. Jimmie Threlfall are: Berean Baptist Church, Detroit, Michigan, beginning February 29; then the last two weeks of March he will be in St. Clair, Michigan.

Evangelist Jesse Hendley

Evangelist Jesse M. Hendley has just concluded a revival in the Riverside Baptist Church, Fort Myers, Florida. The pastor, Rev. Guy Owen, reports:

"The day of revival has not passed. The fires of Pentecost can still burn away indifference and sin and awaken God's people.

"We have just closed a two week's revival meeting that was a blessing to the entire city. Another week of this great meeting would have set the town on fire. Dr. Jesse M. Hendley preached in the power of the Holy Spirit each service, and God seemed to breathe on the audience.

"Mr. and Mrs. John Guy led the opening services with singing and piano playing that were a blessing to all. One hundred new members were added to our church roll; seventy-four by baptism, of which sixty-seven have already been baptized; sixteen came in under watch-care; and ten came by statement. Twenty-nine others accepted Jesus as their Saviour who did not join our church but either were going to join other churches or wanted to consider church mem-

bership further before joining any church. An untold number of people rededicated their lives to God and His service. Throngs of young people laid their lives on the altar of consecration.

"Our church is revived and an increase is showing in every department of our work. Rev. Hendley is certainly an instrument in God's mighty hand."

Evangelist Douglas Winn at Portsmouth, Virginia

We were glad to have the following word from our brother, Evangelist Douglas Winn of 911 Myrtle Road, Martinsville, Virginia. He said:

"Beloved,

"You will rejoice with us over a blessed victory in Portsmouth, Virginia, where three small churches cooperated for a campaign February 2-13. Brother H. W. Tolbert, pastor of the Alexander Park Baptist Church, was chairman of the meeting. Although we had two severe blizzards and the worst weather since 1927, the auditorium was packed most every service. There were thirty-eight to definitely accept Christ as Saviour. Eleven came for salvation at the Saturday night Youth for Christ rally at the Cradock High School. There were over a hundred rededications and some twenty-odd to surrender for special Christian service. It was wonderful to see people surrender their tobacco and movie habits. The Lord made it possible for me to be on the radio daily. One night we had an all-night prayer meeting.

"Brother Bill Mann attended one service and we had a blessed fellowship. Please pray for the services here in Olean and the campaign beginning next week at the First Baptist Church in Marmec, Oklahoma. I definitely am praying for your health. God bless you.

"Yours, because His,
(Signed) "Douglas Winn.

"I Chron. 16:11."

Dr. Oswald J. Smith and Son Have Blessed Campaign in Jamaica

Dr. Oswald J. Smith of the Peoples Church, Toronto, Canada, and his son, Rev. Paul B. Smith, have just returned from the island of Jamaica where they held a campaign greatly blessed of God in the Race Course Grandstand. Crowds grew from 4,000 to more than 10,000, it is reported, with some 2,000 public professions of Christ, 475 of these decisions the closing night. Rev. Paul B. Smith has been asked to return next winter for another campaign. We are grateful to Dr. Smith for this report, and to God for His great blessing.

Rev. Eric A. Folsom Commended as an Evangelist

We are happy to have word from Dr. R. S. Beal, pastor First Baptist Church, Tucson, Arizona, commending Evangelist Eric A. Folsom. Brother Folsom was associated with Dr. Beal in the First Baptist Church, is widely commended for his soul-winning efforts by other pastors whom he has assisted in revival efforts. He may be addressed: Rev. Eric A. Folsom, 925 E. Fifth Street, Tucson, Arizona.

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Dr. Bob Jones Says:

A few days ago on my arrival home at Bob Jones University, I was told that the night before, which was the first night of the second semester, my son, Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., who, as you know, is president of the university, conducted an evangelistic service and that it was one of the most wonderful services they had ever seen. A number of the new students who have just come in for the second semester were saved, and a large number of both old and new students dedicated their lives for full-time Christian service. Many of these answered God's call to preach the Gospel, and a number will be foreign missionaries. The next night my son preached again. I got in late and sat in the last row in the balcony. I have been an evangelist for many years, but never in my life have I seen under any conditions a greater revival service than we had at Bob Jones University that night. The power of God swept over the crowd. Up in the balcony and everywhere else in the auditorium, which by the way was crowded to capacity, hearts were moved. When Bob, Jr., gave the invitation for those who had never been saved but who would accept Christ as their Saviour or for those who felt they had never completely yielded themselves to the will and plan of God for their lives and were willing to do it then and there and follow the Lord Jesus Christ regardless of the

cost, there was a rush to the prayer room. The prayer room could not hold the crowd, and several hundred went to the platform of the auditorium for the afterservice. You who pray for the work are having a very wonderful part in all that is happening. You friends who have sent money to the school have made a wonderful investment. You will be "clipping coupons" from your investment throughout all eternity. We need additional help, and we are not expecting this help from worldly modernistic people. We are looking to you people who believe in real, honest-to-goodness spiritually fervent Christian education to help us with your financial contributions.

The other night as I sat in the balcony and thought of my son, a young man, and thought of all the members of the staff on the platform, all of them with one exception young men who had been trained in our institution, I said in my heart, "Thank God, this work is God's work. Bob Jones University, into which we have put our very life blood, will continue to do business for God and will do it in a larger and bigger way than it has in the past." Christians, please pray for us, and please help us financially. We need it, and you can help us. Thank you and God bless you.

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The Light of the World

(Continued from Page 3)

up medicine to become a preacher, he was pastor of a church, was having a very wonderful ministry and was very happy. But in his church there was an old bachelor, a refined, cultured gentleman. One day this bachelor said to Dr. Broughton, "I am of so little use to God. I am such a timid person; I just do not feel that I am any good at all. But I have been praying that God would show me something I could do for Jesus. I believe I have found something—I believe I would make a good usher. That is the only thing I can think of. If you will let me usher in the church, I believe I can do that for Jesus."

Dr. Broughton said, "I'll be so glad to do it." So he spoke to the chairman of the committee and the chairman said that he would like to have him do it. Everybody smiled about it, knowing how self-conscious and timid he was. But the next Sunday morning this refined, cultured gentleman came in his cutaway coat, his gray trousers, his patent leather shoes and his nice gloves. He ushered everybody down the aisle with such dignity. People never saw anything like it. Everybody looked at each other and smiled. I never saw anybody so radiantly happy. He was back that night. He was at prayer meeting. He did not miss a service. Weeks went by and he kept coming to every service. He was so happy—he felt that he had found something he could do for God."

Dr. Broughton said: "One day he got sick and the doctor said his condition was rather serious. I used to go to see him every day. One day I was on the way over there and I met the physician. The physician said, 'Dr. Broughton, Tom cannot possibly live through the day.'"

"I said, 'Well, I knew he could not live.'"

"As I went up the front steps his old mother came down to meet me and said, 'Dr. Broughton, I want you to ask my boy if he is ready to die.'"

"I said, 'I know he is ready.'"

"She said, 'Well, I know it, too; but you know I am his mother, and I just want him to say he is ready.'"

"I said, 'Well, I'll ask him.'"

"I went in and sat down by his bed and said, 'Tom, I want to read you a chapter out of the Bible. Tell me what to read.'"

"He said, 'Dr. Broughton, there is one chapter in Revelation I have read every day since I've been sick. It is that chapter where it says He shall wipe away all tears. I hate to be a baby, but I had been of so little use to God until I began ushering. Since then I have been happy. I have felt that I was doing something for God. When time for a service would come and I could not be there I would cry. Then I would read that chapter where it says He will wipe away all tears.'"

"I said, 'I will read it to you, Tom.' I read it and got down on my knees and had prayer. After I got up both of us went to crying. We were not crying because we were sad. God was there and our hearts were melted. A great big stream of tears would flow down each of Tom's cheeks and across the hectic consumptive flush. I stood there and looked at him. I had a big silk handkerchief in my pocket that had been given to me by a man uptown, which I hadn't even unfolded. But I took it and began to wipe his tears away. I kept trying to dry them, but I could not dry them as fast as they would come. After a while he said, 'I'm trying to stop, Doctor. I'm so happy!' I could not get them dried, and after a while the handkerchief was so saturated I just gave it up. He stopped for a minute, then a great big stream of tears flowed down each cheek. He smiled at me through his tears and said, 'Dr. Broughton, the next time they are dried, Jesus will do it.'"

"I told him good-by. In about an hour or two they called me and said he was dead."

Oh, the tears, the burning tears on the cheeks of God's people! Some day Jesus Christ will take

His nail-pierced hands and wipe them all away. I used to think my mother was pretty good about that, but nobody can dry them like Jesus!

And in that city you will never get tired. Everybody is tired. This is a weary world. You young people are tired. Everybody is tired. It is so strenuous to live now. Life is such a strain. The memory of my mother is the memory of a tired face. The only time that I ever saw her look rested was when they put her in her coffin and stretched her hands across her breast. She slept the sleep of death and she looked so rested that day. I do not know what people mean when they say they are rested. All my life I have been on a strain. The only time I can remember that I felt completely rested was a few years ago out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, coming back from Palestine. One day out at sea it suddenly occurred to me that I was not tired. Oh, you weary, tired bodies and tired minds and tired hearts! When you get to Heaven you can work all you want to and never get weary. There is no fatigue there, no weariness. Nobody gets tired there. Think of a Heaven like that. Oh, blessed be God, some of us are on the way. What a place it will be!

I have seen the vista of rolling hills and verdant valleys, of winding streams and forests with their changing colors. I have seen the sky on wintry nights bejeweled with countless stars. I have seen the hand of God sweep the eastern sky with the glory of a dawning day. I have seen Him put His canvas on the western horizon, dip His brush in fire, and paint the exquisite tints of golden sunsets. I have caught the odor that floats through park and tropical islands on summer evenings. I have heard the music of the organ, the piano, the violin as they have responded to the master's touch. I have heard the matchless music of the human voice. But all I have ever heard and dreamed and yearned for and hoped for cannot compare with the first rapture that will thrill my heart when I look within that city gate!

I want to go there.
I mean to go there.
I intend to go there.
I do.

I want to go there.
I mean to go there.
I intend to go there.
Don't you?

Christian, Let Your Light Shine

Will you let me take just two or three minutes to tell you a story and to exhort you a little. Listen, let's you and I let our lights shine down here. And then if Jesus tarries and calls us home, I am going to ask Him to let me sit in a window up in Heaven and pull up the shade a little and let a little light come down. There is so much darkness in the world. Down South after the Civil War there was a widow whose husband had fallen in battle. Her fortune had been swept away. She was cultured and refined but she had never known what it meant to work. She had a little boy. After a while when starvation was staring her in the face, she went to the field to supervise her own farms. While she worked her little boy played in the hedge.

The little fellow grew up to be about twelve years of age. He said, "Mother, I'll take over the farms for you. You mustn't go any more." So the mother stayed at home and the boy took over the fields. He would go to the fields early in the morning and every evening just at twilight he would come home. He would come through a grove and there was one little place in the forest where he could look through the branches of the trees and see the light in the cottage window. That was the signal that everything was all right at home. After a step or two the trees would come in the way. He got in the habit as the days and months and years passed of stopping there and looking for the light.

One time he was coming home

from the fields, but when he reached that spot and looked through the grove the light was not there. He went on quickly. He rushed to the house, struck a match and lighted the lamp on the table. There in the bed was his mother, cold and lifeless. He went over, put his arms around her, reached down and kissed her lips of clay. Near her head he saw an envelope. He opened it and read these words:

"My dear son,

"I have a feeling that some day you may come home from the field and the light may not be in the window of our home. I have a feeling that some day I may have to move that lamp and place it in Heaven's window. But, my boy, if you do come home some day and the light is not in the window, just remember I will have it in Heaven's window. Walk in that light and meet your mother some day."

Listen, fathers and mothers and young people, let us go home tonight and put lights in our windows, and let us keep those lights burning. And if Jesus tarries and we have to move, we will let them shine back. Death does not dim them. The lights are made brighter if they are carried through the valley of the shadow of death. They shine back into the other world.

When I was a country boy we had no good schools out there in the country, so my parents sent me away to high school, thirteen miles away. I was always a great mother's boy. I did not see how I could leave her. I used to stay home and sit on the back steps and hold her hand and kiss her sweet face over and over. I re-

member when I got ready to leave for school. I was going to stay two weeks, and it seemed like such a long time. My mother came out to tell me good-by. You know how mothers are. She had some food packed in a box. She said, "Now, Son, you eat this in your room. You will be timid for the first two or three days and don't you go hungry." She kissed me good-by and said, "You are going away now. Be a good boy."

I went away. Then I came home and my mother met me at the gate and said, "Have you been a good boy?" And every time I ever left my mother—if it were for just one day or several hours—she would say, "Now, Son, you are going away; be a good boy." When I came back she would always ask me the same question, in the same tone of voice: "Have you been a good boy?"

One day I was going away to stay two weeks and she came out to tell me good-by. When she kissed me her lips were a little warm. She had a strange red rose in her cheeks I had never seen before and a strange expression in her eyes that concerned me. She said, "You are going away, Son; be a good boy." I told her good-by and went off.

At the end of ten days I had an opportunity to go home. I got there at night. My father heard me drive up, so he came out to meet me. He said, "Son, I'm glad you have come; your mother is very sick. I was going to send for you tomorrow." That memorable night is before my mind tonight. Those fevered arms—I can feel them now as my mother put them around me, pulled me down to her, kissed me and said, "Have you been a good boy?"

When I went home the next

time there was no mother to go with me to the gate, no mother to kiss me good-by. There was no mother to tell me to be a good boy. But when I went home the next time I had a kiss I had never had before. It was Mother throwing me one from Heaven. And I saw a light that day, brighter than I had ever seen. It was Mother's lamp shining from the window in the sky. I heard a voice. It was Mother's voice and Mother's sigh, mingled with music that angels make on harps of gold. That voice was saying, "You are going away, Son; be a good boy."

Men and women, listen. You Christian people listen! Let's trim our lights and let them shine. What do you say? Some of us haven't much longer. Let's let them shine to lighten the pathway of men to God.

I am talking to somebody tonight whose mother prayed for you before she died. She is up in Heaven tonight. I am talking to somebody whose father is there. There is some man here whose wife has gone on, or maybe somebody whose child has gone on. The lights are shining back. And best of all, Jesus Christ is up there. They are with Him tonight in fellowship. You can come into the light, too. There is somebody here who has never known what the light means. You are living in darkness. You can come into the light tonight. God help you!

"Ye are the light of the world... Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." God send us out today to do His business!



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